DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

VOL. 2---NO. 233. MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1883. PRICE ONE CENT.

THAT TEXAN CATTLE MAN.

[By Joaquin Miller.]

We rode the tawny Texan hills,
A bearded cattle man and I:
Below us laughed the blossomed rills,
Above the dappled clouds blew by.
We talked. The topic? Guess. Why, sir,
Three-fourths of man's whole time he keeps
To talk, to think, to be of HER;
The other fourth he sleeps.

To learn what he might know of love,
I laughed all constancy to scorn.
"Behold, you happy changeful dove!
Behold this day, all storm and morn,
Yet now 'tis changed to cloud and sun,
Yea, all things change—the heart, the head:
Behold on earth there is not one
That changeth not," I said.

He drew a glass, as if to scan
The plain for steers; raised it and sighed.
He craned his neck, this cattle man,
Then drove the cork home and replied:
"For twenty years (forgive these tears)—
For twenty years no word of strife—
I have not known for twenty years
One folly from my wife."

I looked that Texan in the face—
That dark-browed, bearded cattle man.
He pulled his beard; then dropped in place
A broad right hand, all scarred and tan,
And toyed with something shining there
From out his holster keen and small.
I was convinced. I did not care
To argue it at all.

But rest I could not. Know I must
The story of my Texan guide;
His dauntless love, enduring trust;
His blessed, immortal bride.
I wondered, marveled, marveled much.
Was she of Texan growth? Was she
Of Saxon blood, that boasted such
Eternal constancy?

I could not rest until I knew—
"Now twenty years, my man," said I
"Is a long time." He turned and drew
A pistol forth, also a sigh.
"'Tis twenty years or more," said he.
"Nay, nay, my honest man, I vow
I do not doubt that this may be;
But tell, oh! tell me how.

"'Twould make a poem true and grand;
All time should note it near and far;
And thy fair, virgin, Texan land
Should stand out like a winter star,
America should heed. And then
The doubtful French beyond the sea—
'Twould make them truer, nobler men
To know how this may be."

"It's twenty years or more," urged he.
"Nay, that I know, good guide of mine:
But lead me where this wife may be,
And I a pilgrim at the shrine,
And kneeling as a pilgrim true"—
He, scowling, shouted in my ear:
"I cannot show my wife to you;
She's dead this twenty year."

STAGE COACH AND RAILROAD.

In those good old days—"all days are good when old," says Byron—the "Bull" in Aldgate, the "Swan with two Necks" in Ladd Lane, the "Angel" at Islington, and the "White Horse Collar," Piccadilly, were the great coaching houses of London. Merely to hear these names mentioned brings to the old-timer pleasant fancies of traveling by mail through merry roads, with blooming hawthorn and chestnut trees, the larks singing afloat, the village bells and the smith's hammer tinkling in the distance, and the roadside inn with its swinging sign and its snow-white watering-trough, its buxom landlady, and its bustling hostlers. At each of these hotels from 400 to 600 horses were stabled, and their work was confined to within fifty miles of the metropolis. How many coach-horses would be required to-day to accommodate the ingress and egress of the travelers coming to and going from the modern Babylon?

When I was a boy I well remember the transportation of the sea coal from the "bank," as the pit's mouth was called, to the barges on the Tyne by means of steam, but nobody ever dreamt of being carried themselves by such a motive power, and everybody laughed at the Liverpool merchants and bankers who first entertained the idea, and brought into the house of commons the bill for the Liverpool and Manchester railway. Joe Hume, "sum totfle Joe," declared it a preposterous notion that a speed of four miles an hour could be attained, and kept up with a tea-kettle for a horse.

But somehow or other it was impossible to stop the advent of steam. Canal companies and coaching combinations howled about the ruin of vested interests, and while a tram-road at a colliery, or a lift from the Tyne or Wear Side was all very well, the idea of a machine that would either push or pull a load in addition to moving itself was the height of absurdity.

The first time it was actually done, I was not, like John Gilpin, "there to see," but it was about 1820, and the journey was made from Stockton to Darlington, ninety tons being drawn eight miles an hour.

All this time George Stephenson and his son Robert were busy at work, and the "Rocket" was the result, and on the 15th of September, 1830, it and seven other locomotives, built on the same model, were ready at Liverpool for the grand opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway. I was but a young shaver then, but I was there, went all the way from Ramsay, Huntingdonshire, way down in the Isle of Elyfens, with my father, to see the "new-fangled failure;" but somehow it did now prove a failure after all, and but for one sad serious accident, was a glorious day and a decided triumph. What a day that was for Liverpool! Every instrument of music in the city, and for 100 miles around, had been got together and were being scraped, blown, beaten, twanged and operated upon at once, to an accompaniment of church bells and booming cannon. Every house-top was crowded, flags were flying from every available eminence. Thousands upon thousands of people lined both sides of the road for miles, with expectation to be ripened into wonder and admiration marked upon their faces. And didn't the Manchester ale flow! Barrels were tapped in the streets, and temperance was nowhere. It was about 11:30 in the forenoon when all was ready, and the "Northumbrian" led the way. There were four carriages to each engine, making eight separate trains, carrying altogether near upon 1,000 people. The road was a double track, but both tracks were employed, the first train monopolizing one, and the other seven following each other on the parallel line. The start was at length made, without any mishap. Away went the first passenger trains ever run in England or elsewhere, down the Sutton incline and over the Sankey viaduct, seventeen miles to Parkhurst, the "Northumbrian," carrying Wellington, Peel, William Huskisson, M. P. for Liverpool, and other notables, accelerating or retarding her speed on the south line to permit her crew to examine any points of interest or see the other trains skim over their way. All went well up to this point, but here occurred that fatal accident which made the opening of the first railroad a day of mingled joy and sorrow—joy for the success of the undertaking, and sorrow for the catastrophe which deprived Liverpool of its newly elected member of parliament, free trade one of its earliest champions, and Great Britain one of her most experienced diplomats and eloquent orators. While the locomotives were taking in water Mr. Huskisson quit his carriage and went to shake hands with the Duke of Wellington. While so doing the Rocket passed on the other line, the M. P. became confused and frightened and in his flurry ran on the track. In vain the engineer tried to stop the engine. It ran over the statesman, breaking both legs and thigh, and otherwise so injuring him that he died the same night, after being carried to the vicarage of Eccles. The journey of the trial trains was made to Manchester, but a gloom which could not be dissipated had been cast over the day, and the triumph of the engineering consummation was saddened by death.

THE VALUE OF TRADES TO BOYS.

Chicago Tribune,

Statistics recently collected at the eastern Pennsylvania penitentiary show that of 780 young men received there under 21 years of age, 755 had no trades. There was plenty of education among them, as 572 were graduates of schools. Such startling figures as these are an unanswerable argument in favor of manual training schools. They show that our public schools are turning out boys who are not prepared for any occupation or any form of manual labor, and that mere book education is no protection to society against crime. These boys, unfitted for any kind of manual work, naturally drift into the easiest occupations they can find, and there is nothing easier than drifting into no occupation, and thence into crime.

THE PUBLIC PRINTER.

Bill Nye in Detroit Free Press.

Very few of the great mass of humanity know who makes the beautiful public document with its plain, black binding, and its wealth of statistics. Few stop to think that hidden away from the great work-a-day world, with eyelids heavy and red, and with finger nails black with antimony, toiling at his case hour after hour, the public printer during the session of congress is setting up the thrilling chapters of The Congressional Record, and between times yanking the Washington press backward and forward, with his suspenders hanging down, as he prints this beautiful seaside library of song.

We are too prone to read that which gives us pleasure without thought of the labor necessary to its creation. We glide gayly through The Congressional Record, pleased with its more attractive features—viz: its ayes and noes—little thinking that Sterling P. Rounds, the public printer, stands in the subdued gaslight with his stick half full, trying to decipher the manuscript of some reticent representative whose speech was yesterday delivered to the janitor as he polished the porcelain cuspidore of congress.

This is a day and age of the world when men take that which comes to them and do not stop to investigate the pain and toil it costs. They never inquire into the mystery of manufacture to try to learn the details of its construction. Most of our libraries are replete with books which we have received at the hands of a generous government, and yet we treat those volumes with scorn and contumely. We jeer at the footsore bugologist who had chased the large, green worm from tree to tree, in order that we may be wise. We speak sneeringly of the man who stuffs the woodtick and paints the gaudy wings of the squash bug that we may know how often she orates.

Year after year the entomologist treads the same weary road with his bait-box tied to his waist, wooing to his laboratory the army worm and the sheep-scab larvæ in order that we, poor particles on the surface of the great earth, may know how these minute creatures rise, flourish and decay.

Then the public printer throws in his case, rubs his finger and thumb over a lump of alum, takes a chew of tobacco and puts in type these words of wisdom from the lips of gray-bearded savants, that knowledge may be scattered over the broad republic. Patiently he goes on with the click of type, anon in an absorbed way, while we, gay, thoughtless mortals wear out the long summer day at a basket-picnic, with deft fingers selecting the large red ant from our cold

THE BIGGEST LIAR ON LONG ISLAND.

New York World.

He got on the front platform of a car going to the cemetery. Under his left arm he held a paper box of flowers, and in his mouth was stuck a nickel-plated pipe, from which, ever and anon, fumes of tobacco smoke stole in through the open door, gyrating under the nose of a passenger in black, causing him to beat the air with his hand, as if driving off Jersey mosquitoes.

The conductor, after treading on a policeman's corn and tripping over several wreaths, reached the front platform.

"Say, you there! Put that pipe out, or I'll ate ye!"

The man struck the bowl of the pipe against the dash-board, sending the sparks over the hands of the driver.

"Conductor, you oughtn't talk to a man like that when he's buried in sorrow. No, sir, you oughtn't"; and he came into the car and crowded himself in a seat between a middle-aged man and a thin woman.

"I'm going to the cemetery with these flowers," he remarked to the middle-aged man. "I have three wives out there; every year I make this journey. This rose I raised in the flower-pot that Rebecca used to fire around when she was here on earth, poor soul. She was as good a woman as ever wore a corset. Very fond of flowers, too. Cost me more for her bonnets than the other two put together. She just wore a hangin' garden of Babylon on every bonnet she wore, Rebecca did. This flower they call a cameler."

"A camellia," spoke the middle-aged passenger, feeling that he ought to say something.

"It's for the grave of my third wife. She read a book called 'Camille,' and seen the play lots of times. She coughed herself into a consumption. Her stronghold was in imitatin' the heroine in all the books she read. Every day I'd come home she'd have a new name for what she got out of a novel. She could write poetry, but I don't think that brung on the consumption, though."

"She was your last?"

"You bet I'm not in the market any more. Retired from the marrying business, so to speak. She read all about Blue Beard, and was terribly uneasy about goin' before me," he continued.

"Any flowers for the grave of your second wife?"

"She was a strong-minded woman, talked about woman's sphere and all that. Hated flowers bad. Why, she killed my first wife's canary, sold the second-hand organ I'd bought and wouldn't have a flower around her."

"Why are you going to put flowers on her grave now?"

"Not for love. Not much. I never could call my soul my own when she lived. I had to consult her about what pants I should put on every mornin'."

"Still you will decorate her grave?"

"I do it for spite. When she lived I didn't spite her. Oh, no, When I put these flowers on her grave I know it'll make her turn in her grave with anger. Not for love, just for spite." The man tucked up his box under his arm and got out.

The conductor came in and hung to the strap a- he said: "I suppose that fellow that got out was doing some more of his lyin'. I seen him talkin' to you. He's the biggest liar on Long Island. He's a sort of bum that works for a nursery man down here. Although he's rode on this car a hundred times, he always stuffs the passengers with different tales."

"He told me he has three wives buried."

"Three grandmothers. The fellow never had but one wife, and she left him long ago. Them flowers belong to his boss, the nursery man."

"How he could slander women as he did," ejaculated the thin lady passenger as she wiped the dust from her brow with a black-bordered silk handkerchief.

GULL AND PELICAN.

HOW THE PONDEROUS, CLUMSY PELICAN ENTERTAINS ITS MORE ENTERPRISING NEIGHBOR.

John F. Coryell in Scientific American.

The pelican is a ponderous, clumsy bird, with a body as large as a swan's, but with enormous wings which enable it to fly with ease and power and almost with grace. The head, which is almost all bill, is not pretty, but, what is better, it is eminently useful, for it combines fish spear and lunch basket in one. The upper part of the bill terminates in a a hook which is fatal to a fish, and the lower part is hung with an elastic pouch, into which the captured prey are deposited until desired for eating.

As it has large webbed feet and swims well, it catches a great many fish just as the ducks do; but it also has a very picturesque way of capturing its finny prey. It sails majestically over the water at a considerable height above it, glancing sharply about for victims in the transparent element below, until, catching a glimpse of one favorably disposed for capture, it launches itself straight downward, and with bill projecting and wings folded cleaves the air like a bolt, transfixing the fish, and by the impetus of its fall disappearing under the water, to return to the surface, however, with all the buoyancy of a cork, and with the quarry comfortably tucked away for future reference.

Having labored earnestly in this way until its pouch is full, the pelican seeks a long low ledge of rocks, and there in company with his fellows takes up his position in solemn earnestness to enjoy the fruits of his toil. A skillfull toss of the head shoots a fish from the reservoir into the throat, and a gulp sends it on its way into the stomach. A little time for the pleasurable sensation of digestion, and again the head is tossed. And so the game is played with regularity by the whole grotesque line. The long heads are sometimes turned about and rested on the shoulders pointing backward, or more frequently are held pointing vertically downward.

Although a large and clumsy creature the pelican is not necessarily stupid; but by dint of frequent tossing of the well-laden pouch it becomes at once gorged and dull, and then is the golden opportunity of the gull.

He impudently alights upon the very head of his victim, and waits patiently until the pelican receives warning from within that another fish is wanted. Up goes the bill, open gapes the awful mouth, out shoots a doomed fish—not into the ready throat, however, but into the waiting bill of the gull, which has adroitly twisted its head so that it can see all that is exposed of the pelican's internal economy, and has snatched the morsel and flown with a wild scream of laughter to eat it at its leisure, if indeed a gull ever had such a state of being.

The pelican is almost too stupid to know that it has been robbed, but the gull gives every evidence of enjoying the trick very little less than the booty, for its farewell shriek sounds derisive enough for the evil one himself

AN ALL-ABSORBING METROPOLIS.

New York Tribune.

The discussion in The Tribune of the union of New York and Brooklyn as one great city recalled to an old citizen, who has made the topography of New York a special study, the fact that New York in its monstrously rapid development had already swallowed up and absorbed a score or more of villages. They were so numerous he could not recall them all. Greenwich, Bloomingdale, Yorkville, Harlem, and other villages on Manhattan island which are now merely sectional parts of the metropolis were once incorporated villages or towns under these names. The act incorporating a part of Westchester county added a dozen or more villages at one time. Brooklyn, too, now embraces several towns which once separately existed, as Williamsburg, Greenpoint, Bedford, South Brooklyn or Gowanus, and eventually its authority will be extended to many others of the suburban towns, such as Flatbush, New Lots, New Utrecht, Bath, East New York, etc. But many of these places retain a sort of sectional if not separate existence, as, for instance, Harlem and Yorkville in New York, and Williamsburg, Greenpoint, and South Brooklyn in Brooklyn. As far as their corporate existence is concerned they belong to the two cities, but in matters of trade, society, and, above all, local pride, they have a distinct life and separate interests. Some of them, as Harlem, Williamsburg and South Brooklyn maintain strictly local papers of their own, which are devoted almost exclusively to the local news and interests of their particular sections.

A NICE PLACE FOR A PICNIC.

Charlotte Observer.

The owners of the private fish ponds about the city have been annoyed so much lately by depredators that they have planted dynamite cartridges along the banks of the ponds. A string drawn across the grass connects with the cartridge, and whenever a foots strikes the string the cartridge explodes. Last Saturday evening there was a colored picnic near Phifer's pond, and during the evening a crowd of the colored people went to the pond to fish, sit about and flirt, and eat their lunch. They assembled on the bank in close proximity to one of the cartridges, and in the course of a few minutes, while they were chatting away in blissful ignorance of what was to come, one of the party struck his foot against the string. Instantly there was a deafening report, and the air was filled with flying dirt, weeds, grass, hats, shawls, parsols, provision and lunch baskets, and the terrified picnickers stampeded for the woods. The cartridge was planted about fifty feet from the party, and none of them were hurt, but they could not have been worse scared. The bank was covered with abandoned hats, shawls, and lunch baskets, and a hole ten feet square was in the ground at the spot where the cartridge exploded.

BLUE GRASS BEAUTIES.

A Kentucky scribbler gushes as follows about the beauties of his state: "When the bona dea out of her bounteousness makes a Blue Grass woman, she takes care never to fail. A soft, white, warm body, translucent with divine light, and curving to the lines of beauty as naturally as the tendrils of a vine, is the groundwork upon which nature limns the human angel. Eyes softly bright, but luminously intense; cheeks like the damask rose, with buttercups of dimples, in whose honeyed heart sly Puck or Oberon might sleep; lips like ox heart cherries at the center, but flexile as a smoke wreath, and fading away into the soft cheek like the heart's blood of a strawberry into the lucious cream; a chin fairly fashioned as the golden apple that blushing Paris gave to Venus, who trembled with delight at taking it; the brow of Juno and the bust of Hebe; the sea nymph's ear, the wood nymph's springy step—these are a few of the charms that nature gives the maidens of the Blue Grass."

SUCCESSFUL BOOK AGENTS.

MEN WHO MAKE $10,000 AND MORE A YEAR BY MEANS OF THEIR PLEASING ADDRESS.

"I have been told that there is a book canvasser who has earned $25,000 a year. Is that so?" a Sun reporter said to Mr. George Washington Davis, who is in charge of the canvassing department of D. Appleton & Co.

"You may judge for yourself," said Mr. Davis, pulling out a memorandum book. "This firm has paid $20,000 to Mr. Samuel Collins since September last for his personal services in canvassing for one book, 'Artistic Houses.'"

"Is not that an exceptional amonnt?"

"That is a large sum, but Mr. Collins has been a book canvasser for fifteen years, and has made a handsome income. He began at $10 a week. The book sells for $300 the set. One of our agents made $2,000 in one month selling Appleton's Cyclopædia. Such men think it a poor week when they do not earn $100. One of our canvassers, named Rust, earned $1,248 in ten weeks selling the 'Art Journal.' Another earned $750 in a month selling 'The Gallery of British Art.' I could give you the name of of a woman who has earned $750 in one week selling our books. There is Mr. Fowke, who has been forty years a book canvasser. I should say he averages $10,000 a year by his personal sales. He has sold many sets of the cyclopædia. There is a lady who has just come in who earns $2,500 a year. I suppose there are fifty men in this country who are earning $100 a week as book agents.

Of course, these are not the sort of men that funny paragraphs are written about. They are gentleman who are good conversationalists. People like to hear them talk, and they know how to talk to the right people. They ride in carriages, dress well, and lose no time. They know thoroughly what they have to sell and how to sell it. We can depend upon them to sell a given quantity."

"Could they take any kind of books and earn such wages?"

"Probably not. The most money is made in selling expensive books. Publishing runs in that direction now. This firm put $500,000 into the Cyclopædia before they got a cent back. They put $200,000 into 'Picturesque America' before they began to get their money back. That sells for $24 a copy. If we depended on the trade to sell it, we should have to get $500 a copy to make it pay. Agents sell books that could not be sold in any other way. People will not go to stores to look for books, but when they see really good books offered in the right way they will buy. The best books are now published by subscription."

"Do you find women or men the best agents?"

"Men. There have been some successful women agents, but they do not show the same perseverance as men."

"Do men often fail at it?"

"Oh, yes. I try 3,000 people a year who think they can be good canvassers, and I think I am lucky if I get ten good canvassers out of the 3,000. It is like any other business, and reqnires brains, aptitude, and perseverance. Mere brass and assurance will not do. A good book agent must be a pleasant person."

"How do you find them?"

"They come to us. The most prolific season for good canvassers is immediately after a business panic. Men who get out of business, and have no capital but brains, often begin as book agents, and get a start in life. Sometimes they keep at the canvassing only until they get capital to begin business again. Sometimes they keep on for life. The demand for good book agents is brisk, and likely to increase."

DIGNITY AND CROPPED HEADS.

New York Sun.

"Do many of your customers ask to have their heads cropped," a down-town barber was asked.

"Well, to tell the truth, I have not done much else for a week but cut off people's hair," he replied. "My customers say to me continually, 'I will leave my hair with you, please,' and I have kept on cutting until my arm aches. Cropped heads pay well, too. It takes but little time to go over a head, and there is no oil or bay rum."

"You don't have your own head cropped, I see."

"No; I require that all my workmen shall have their heads cropped, but I have to hold my own hair. Why? Did you ever know a man of dignity to wear his hair cropped? No, sir; I have to sacrifice my convenience to my position as the head of this establishment."

WOMEN AND THE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Springfield Republican.

A circular was lately sent to every member of the Massachusetts Medical society asking him "Do you favor the admission of women to the society on the same terms with men?" There are 1,343 members, and 1,132 replies were received, of which 709 were affirmative, 400 negative, and 23 indifferent. It curiously appears that the number of doctors who would not object to consult with the women on account of their sex was much larger than the number favoring her membership of the society, namely, 831 out of the 1,077 replies received. There is nothing, then to hinder any woman who presents herself as candidate from gaining membership in this old society, provided there is any adequate representation at the annual meeting.